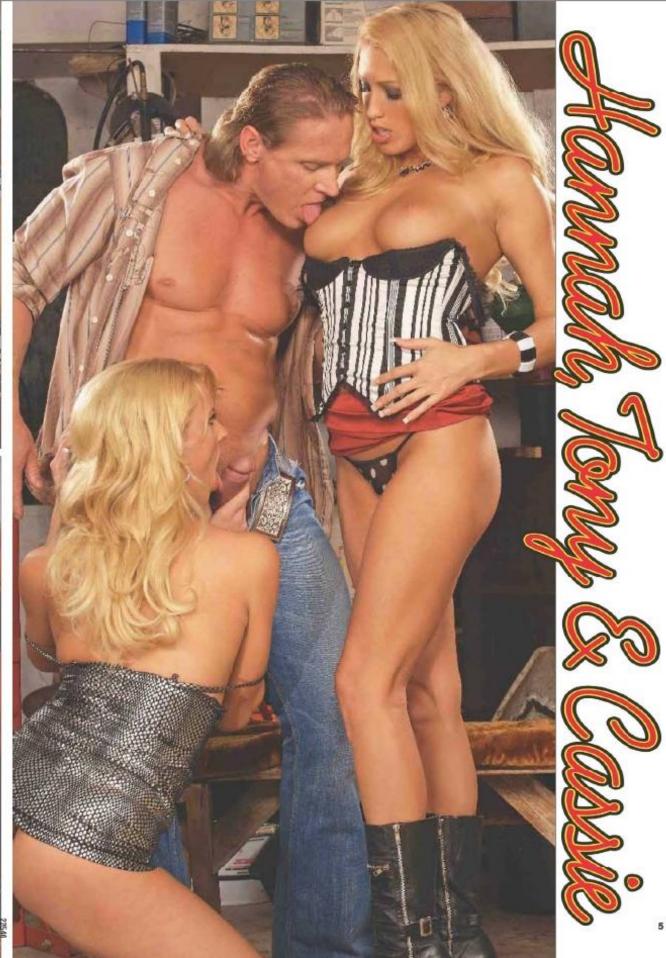


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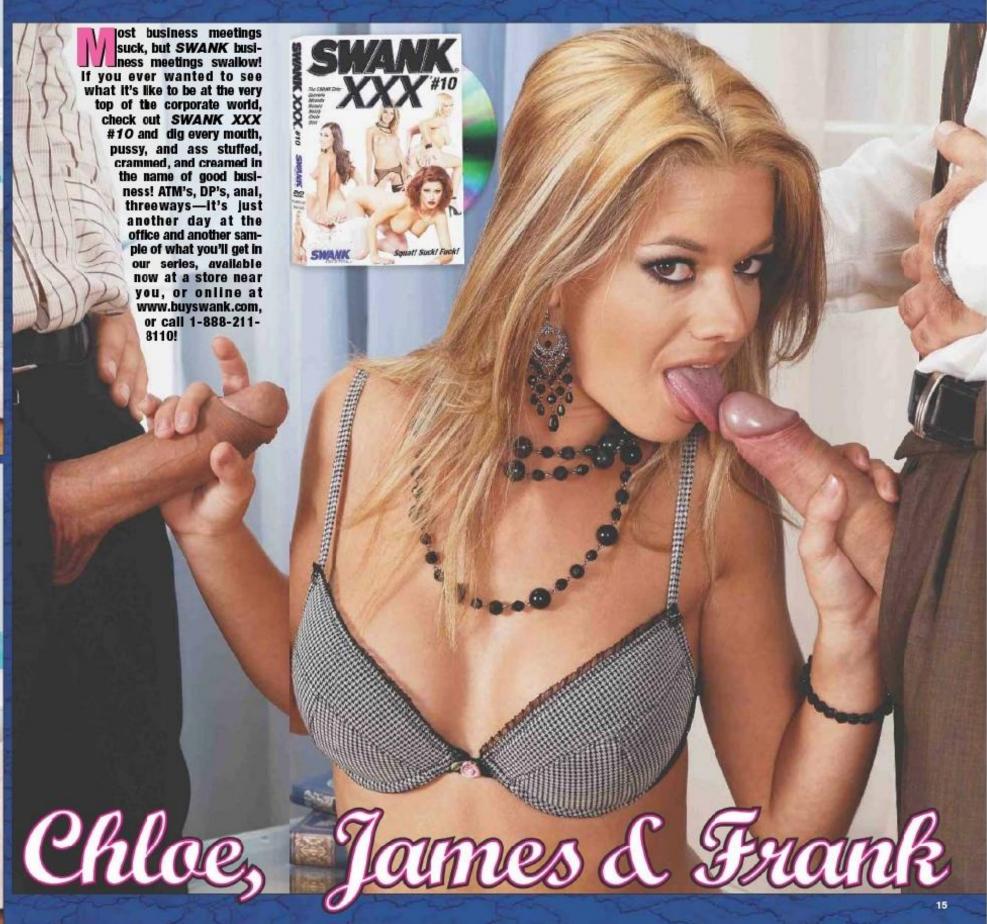




































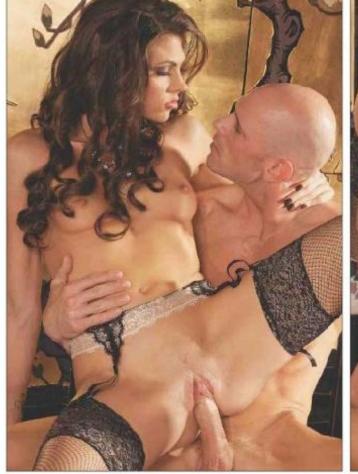




























































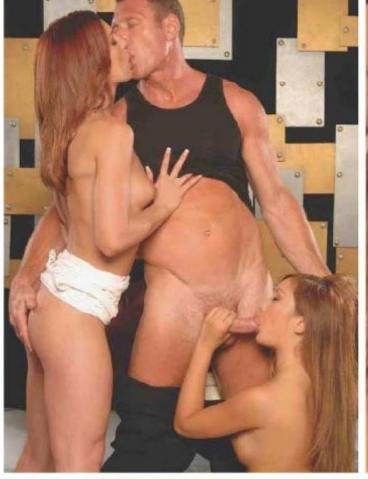
























STATS: 34B-23-35

HOME COUNTRY: Indonesia

YEARS IN BIZ: 2

Tia can suck dick with the best of 'em and has proved it time and time again. This French/Asian horny hybrid has been a busy little bee since her entry into smut shortly after her eighteenth birthday with over 55 titles to her carnal credit thus far. There's lots more to cum as she recently turned 20 and has no intentions of slowing down. She said in an interview that while she first got into porn for the money, she loves the biz now and wants to keep cumming back for more.





















Eva Angelma

STATS: 34D-26-34

Eva's star is rising quickly in Pornland thanks to her cando/will-do/love-to attitude towards XXX. This red-hot Latina with the yummy boobs and delicious ass has given us plenty to watch in the past year, and we loved her so much on our cover a few months ago, we thought we'd bring her back for a repeat performance, but this time we gave her some living toys to play with in the form of Marco and Brittney.







STATS: 32D-23-34

HOME STATE: Missouri

YEARS IN BIZ: 6

Often compared to the one and only Jenna because of some resemblance with the blonde hair, tight body, big tits and the guarantee to please both her partners and her viewers, Brittney is one chick you can always count on when you pop in one of her movies. You always know what you're going to get, and that's lots of hot sexual action to pop your cock cork to!











alektra blue & nikki benz















STATS: 34D-24-34

HOME STATE: Arizona

YEARS IN BIZ: 2

Alektra is nothing short of amazing. This big-boobed brunette has taken the porn world by storm, even earning a "Favorite Rookie of the Year" award at last year's inaugural F.A.M.E. Awards when porn fans from around the world voted for her. Since her 2005 entry into the XXX game, Alektra has made about 100 movies and we're wishing for at least a few hundred more if those are any indication of her hotness!



STATS: 36D-24-36

HOME COUNTRY: Canada

YEARS IN BIZ: 5

Who is sexier than Nikki Benz? Well, there aren't many who can top this amazing blonde bombshell. A former contract star for Jill Kelly and Tera Patrick, Nikki is now on her own screwing and slurping cocks and licking and sticking cunts. She did her first anal for Teravision in *Test Drive* and said she totally loved it. What's her next big feat? Only time will tell, but we'll be anticipating whatever Nikki does in a movie!



















STATS: 32A-21-32

HOME COUNTRY: Russia

YEARS IN BIZ: 2

Want to know what the next big thing to cum across the Atlantic is? It could very well be Cherry Jul. This naughty little nymphette is already making a big name for herself in Europe, and now with her red-hot roles in Swank Digital's movies taking cock in all of her holes, we're sure she'll be a favorite in the States, too!



















Down Time

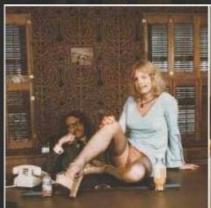
haken but not stirred by my back-to-back busts for performing in "Macumba" and "Marilyn and the Senator" by the Los Angeles Police Administrative Vice Department in the spring of 1975, I spent most of the rest of that year, and into early 1976, primarily running the day-to-day operations of "Reb" Sunset International, a nude theatrical modeling located right across the street from the legendary Grauman's Chinese Theatre at 6912 Hollywood Boulevard in Hollywood.

Therefore, my "body of work" dwindled down to a very few projects, plus whatever modeling gigs I could pick up.

However, along the lay, by doing less, I did, in fact, start doing more behind the scenes as I was given a chance to write (using the porno pen name of Lem Lary) the concept of a pro-ject that would become known as "Hi School Honies", a series of naughty little adventures

Although thoroughly contemptuous of the law, I was also sawy enough to realize that I would be tempting fate by working too often in hardcore productions while the combined trials for the two films that I had appeared in were being adjudicated.

student reports pertaining to their afterschool activities, expressing shock over the fact that they were "so graphic." Of course, as she presented each tale, she became more and more uninhibited until finally, we got to roll around, although lamentably only so far as although it was torturously hard not to go all the way-I figured that decadent discretion was wiser than vaginal penetration valor. Now that's not say that I left the scene frustrated, as the action was being shot in the big front office of Sunset International (redecorated, for its use as a teacher's office, with a great deal of Detroit Lions memorabilia, thereby displaying my perpetual pas-



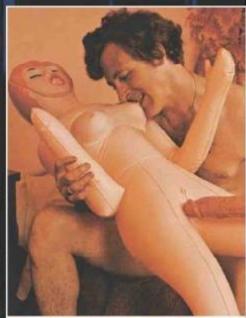
as related through the voiceover and actions of my students (I performed in the role of a Sex Education teacher) which took place within very close proximity to Hollywood High School on Sunset Boulevard between La Brea and Highland Avenues. By the way, the school was just one block south of my office.

With the encouragement of one of my earliest benefactors, Titus Moody, whose apartment was on Lanewood Avenue, right across the street from Hollywood High, shooting the production, I was also allowed to direct cer-tain portions of the film, in particular, the tietogether sequences wherein another concerned teacher (Diana St. Clair, my lovely costar in "Marilyn") brought me a collection of



sion for the National Football League team), and just off to the side was a room that functioned as a small photo studio, complete with a round bed that was covered with a pink turry comforter that never tailed to shed when utilized. But since the actions thereon, and therein, were not shot, I shall leave those images to your imagination.

"Hi School Honies" is noteworthy for a number of reasons, including the fact that it features an early performance by John Stagliano, who would go on to carve his leg-end in XXX as "Buttman" and is, in fact, besides being one of my very first discoveries-the only person whom I've ever called a genius in the Adult Entertainment Industry.

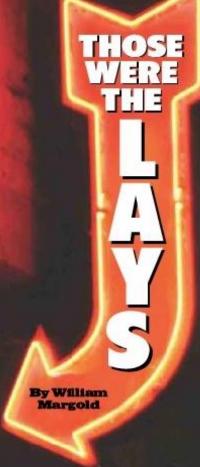












Also appearing in the film was Serena, who was rapidly becoming a star by the sheer nature of her supremely natural ability to radiate heat. Serena was helped immensely because she was fortunate enough to be nurtured by the lusty Diana-whose carnal knowledge was as consummate as it was classy. Quite frankly, I was in love with both of them. And on separate occasions during the Seventies, I was fortunate to have them each as performing partners. But I have always wondered what it would have been like to be the meat in an menage with them.

"Hi School Honies" was shot over a series of weekends, with all of the vignettes captured before Diana and I literally tied them together. Titus was a master at shooting exteriors on the run and with me functioning as lookout we were able to give the production a sort of dirty documentary look. Of course, being out in the open meant that we were tickling at the underbelly of peril, but fortu-nately, on the streets of Hollywood in the mid-70s, seeing a person shooting a camera, didn't seem to be all that much out of place. And thankfully, no one seemed to notice that what Titus was shooting around Hollywood High was being repeated, when necessary, over and over and over, again.

With the photo and film studios of a gar-rulous gentleman named Sam Menning right downstairs from Sunset International, I was almost always available to fill-in for the male

model who was either late, or who didn't maybe she did know, because whenever she even bother to show up at al. sensed that she had almost gone too far, she

even bother to show up at al.

While many shoots were relatively ordinary, simple love sets with, if I were lucky, a beautiful actress, sometimes, out of desperation, Sam, who always said that I was overexposed but never failed to use me, if for no other reason than I never complained about what he was paying, would resort to covering up my face, give me something a great deal less than human to work with, or he would place me in a situation that almost made me want to reconsider my eageness to be in the picture. Note that I said almost.

Not particularly thrilled with being somewhat anonymous as a patient administered to by a couple of nurses in a hospital set, I latched onto a teddy bear, and performed with it in my arms throughout the shooting Sam, who never met a can of beer that he could say "No" to, bissfully shot the entire thing before he noticed the teddy bear. He wasn't happy. But it was too late. He swore never to use me again.

(By the way, teddy bears and I would become the basis of a beautiful friendship as the years toddled by, but that's another cuddly column, for another more compassionate chapter in this series.)

Within a couple of days however, I was right back in front of Sam's range finder. But this time I was in drag. I didn't mind the garter belt and mylons and colorful sundress, complete with a heavily padded bra, but those damn high heels were not only extremely uncomfortable, they were dangerous. We were shooting in my big studio on the third floor, and I was lumbering way too close to an open window. Catching my right heel in one of the many well worn holes in the threadbare carpet, I was headed toward splattering all over Hollywood Boulevard, if it hadn't of been for the quick awareness of one of my modeling partners. As I was pulled back from the brink of extinction, the first thing that flashed through my mind was that I wasn't wearing any parties.

I wasn't wearing any panties.

A couple of other modeling turns involved me as the overwhelmed victim of assorted overheated, and overzealous, ladies who liked to use my back, thighs and ass as sounding boards for their various tools of torment. These experiences weren't very much fun. Although once in awhile, after the shoot, an actress who had been delivering the punishment would come up to my office and provide a little pleasure by way of showing me that she appreciated my sacrificing my body for her art.

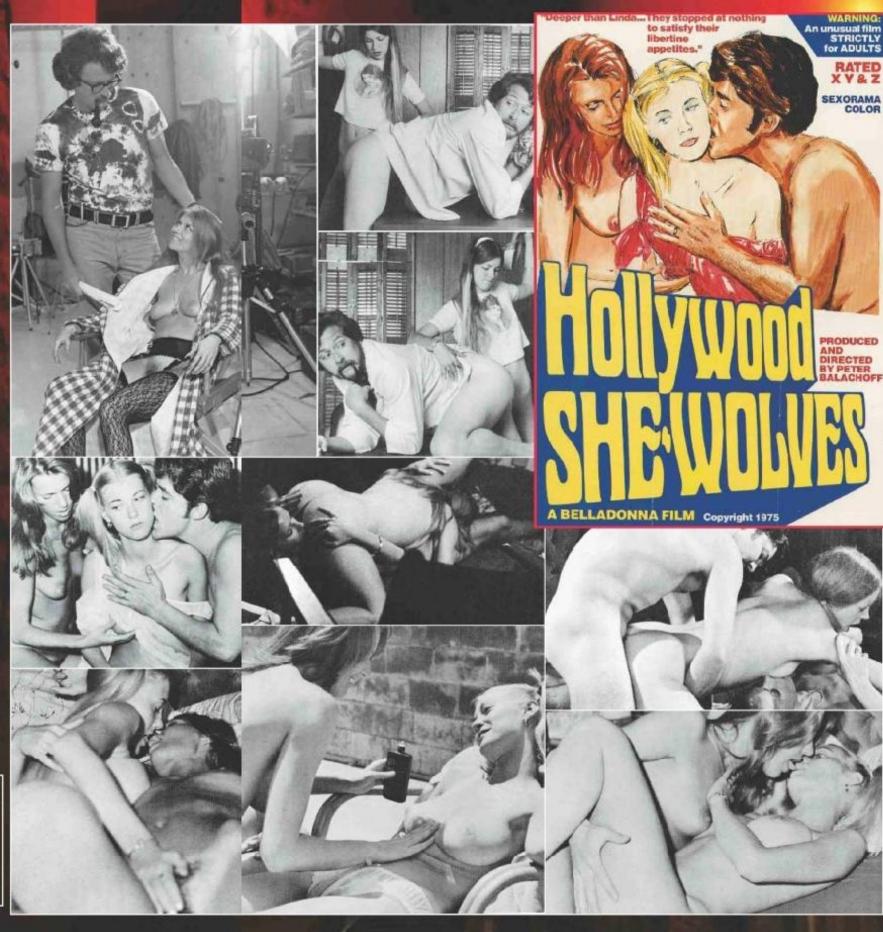
And then there was the time that I was playing the part of a hapless fellow who volunteered the most important part of my body to be toyed with by a deranged doctor. The attractive lady was not only nearsighted, she was also uncoordinated, and I was absolutely at her mercy. Sam was well into his second case of suds, and way beyond hearing me suggesting that the actress was poking, probing and pricking me with absolutely no idea that she was on the verge of doing permanent damage. Then again,

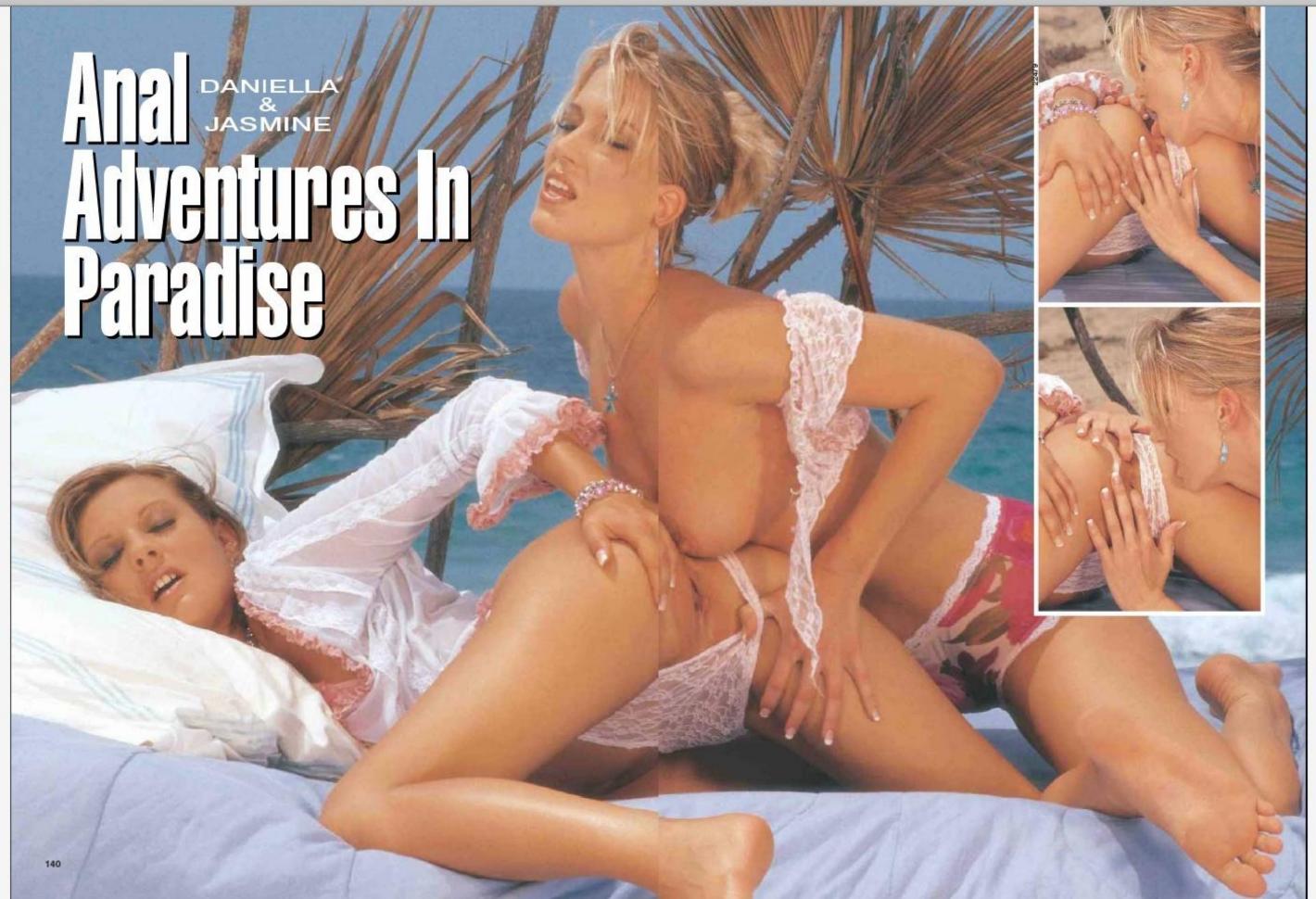
sensed that she had almost gone too far, she would show some concern by orally arousing me while Sam was reloading his still cam-eras. However, the minimal pleasure that I was got, wasn't worth the maximum peril that I was enduring. Thankfully, the set was short, although hardly sweet. Sam wandered off to look for more beer. I struggled to get up. But my modeling companion had other ideas. Noticing that I was exhibiting a state of arousal. albeit it was with a tortured tool. she straddled me with very little resistance, as she was absolutely gushing enough lubri-cation for the both of us, and very quiddy rode me long enough for her to rattle through an intense orgasm that produced even more lubrication. And while I wasn't really all that into it (I have never been a proponent of the it hurts so good theory), I've also never been one to waste a hard-on (even one that has been "womangled"), so rising up into her as she was collapsing on me, I fired off a few rounds into her, and she groaned her appreciation deep into my mouth as we acknowledged our union with a very awkward kiss. Sam, who had returned from his beer hunt by this time, saluted the show, by popping open another can, which symbolically coated all of us in the process.

Late in 1975, I was hired to play a pampous director in "Hollywood She-Wolves"-and in the process was also given the chance to direct many of the sex scenes. The filmmaker really didn't like to deal with the sexual sequences. So he would helm all the dialogue bits as well as the lead-ins to the sex scenes, and then allow me to tell the cameraman what to do next. Of course, by that time I had already figured out that directing sex scenes was like herding naked cattle into a one-way tunnel. As long as you didn't let the cattle turn around and stampede back at you, you would inevitably get to the end of the scene with the desired (orgasmic) results. And if you were lucky, and the cattle, I mean performers, just happened to lust for each other at the moment that you were shooting them, then you'd wind up getting credit for directing a great scene. In my performing role as the director I wasn't given very much to do, and even less to screw, but I found an attractively anxious production assistant who was more than willing to learn from the mas-ter that I guess she thought that I was, because she told me repeatedly, that I was acting like I knew what I was doing when I was behind the camera.

Indeed, "Those Were The Lays"...howeverl could get them.

William Margold's actions and activities have spanned the entire timeline of the modern adult hardcore entertainment industry (1972-present), and along the way, he has founded a number of organizations including The Fans of X-Rated Entertainment (www.foxe.com) and Protecting Adult Welfare (www.pawfoundation.org). For his latest insights about XXX, and other related matters of the heart, the mind, and the soul, visit www.billmargold.com.







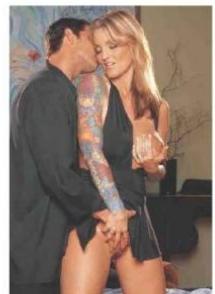








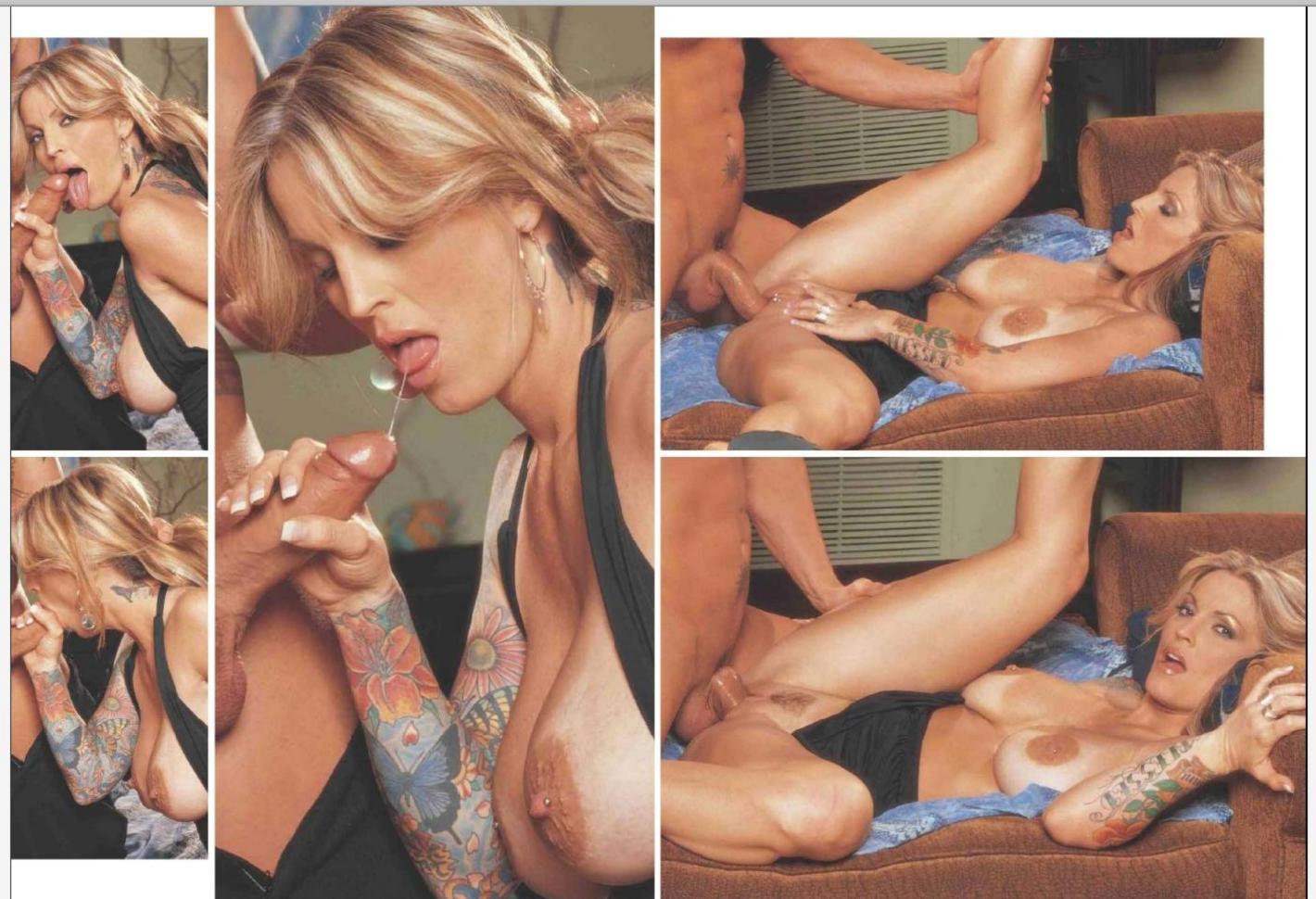


















When Janine's ready for some nasty, intimate action after an evening being pursued by Hollywood's nightclub paparazzi, she expects sexual perfection from her date: strong hands, a dazzling tongue, and a hard, pumping prick that won't quit until she's had enough. And really, is there ever enough for Janine? Cock is what keeps her going. She wants it in her mouth and deep inside her pussy from every angle, front and back. She wants to fondle it, stroke it, lick it, sit on it, and massage it with her throat.









Julian's happy to be Janine's consort for the evening. He knows the demands and the loneliness of being an Olympian sexual superstar, worshipped by many but satisfied by few. He knows that most men leave a woman like Janine unfulfilled and wanting more—just as few women are capable of truly satisfying his own jaded needs. After all, after you've sampled the talents and beauty of adult hottest stars, what's left? That's why Julian understands Janine and wants to give her everything he's got for as long as she needs him. He knows where to gently stroke her flesh as he whispers in her ear. He knows the rhythms that drive her into fits of screaming ecstasy. And finally, he's capable of holding out for as long as needed, until she's orgasmically drained and wants only to quietly cuddle and suckle his cock like a pacifier while she makes little moans of pleasure. Julian and Janine are two superstar who were made for each other!





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